

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, December 10. 1709.

Hitherto I have been none of them that quarrel at Dr. S———'s Sermon; for my part, I incline rather to those that are for thanking him for it— And really, *Good People*, would all the *High-Flying* Clergy-men preach at that extravagant Rate, I doubt not, but they would every Day lessen the Number of their *High-Flying* Hearers; Moderation always got Ground by the hare-brain'd Measures and wild Excesses of its Enemies; a bad Cause always grows worse by such ill Mannagers.

There is a very good Observation in the *Post-Man*, which, I think, is exactly to this Case—and I doubt not, but the Author has very good Authority for it.—That there being new Congregations of Protestants,

Dissenters you may call them, if that Word won't offend you, erected in the Cities of Lisse and Tournay, in Flanders; the Priests had begun to preach openly against those Tenents, in order to prevent their People being carry'd away by the Novelty of it— That This gave great Joy and Satisfaction to the Protestants, not doubting, but that this would be an Occasion of making the Principles of either Party more publick, and the common People looking more into them; not doubting, but that if the common People were encourag'd to enquire into Things, and inform themselves, the Protestant Religion would soon prevail over the Absurdity of the Romish Church. or to this Purpose.

Indeed

Indeed the Case seems Parallel; and as to the Matter of *High-Flying Principles*, we need no more, than that the Clergy should rave a little now and then—That they should shew the World, how mad they are, and how mad they must be, that will follow their Measures: They need do no more than rail, and call *Bear-Garden Names*—It will soon open the Eyes of the World, and bring the People to a Conviction, that this is not the *soft still Voice* of Truth, that this is not the *Gospel of Peace*; they will soon apprehend, that Railing and *Billinggate* Language may often supply the Want of Argument, but never is any Part of it.

Let them go on to buffy Moderation, explode Toleration, and damn the Union; the Gain of this will be to us; for Moderation, Union, and Toleration, always encrease by these Violences—These Foils set off the Beauty of the original Picture; these Contraries illustrate the glorious Principles of Peace and Temper, which are so suitable to a Christian Life, and to a wise Nation.

If these Men would seriously remark the Course of Things, they would see, that for these 26 Years past, since the Doctrine of Passive-Obedience began to be push'd home upon the Nation, and People began to look into it; the Absurdity has been more and more discover'd, and would they but go on to preach it up, as heartily as this Doctor has done, and with as good Language, I should rejoice heartily, since I should then conceive some Hopes in a few Years more, it would have no *Professors* as all.

I appeal to themselves, if for the Time aforesaid they are not convinc'd, that the more they have preach'd it, the fewer People have believ'd it—And let them not doubt, but the longer they preach it, the fewer still will their Party be—We want no more, but to have the People look into the monstrous Absurdity, the self-contradicting Whimsy, and they would soon see its Heterogeneous Kind. If my Vote would be of any Use, I would humbly recommend it to the People, the most Zealous for Liberty in this Age, that they would raise a Fund to set up a *Fure Divino*

Leisure—and I would gladly contribute to the Maintenance, and let this Reverend Champion preach it Weekly—He would soon make it a Farce, as ridiculous as *Don Quixot's Adventure of the Windmill*—And the crooked Retrograde Whymisic would be preach'd into the Banter and Ridicule of the World.

How merry a Tale it is to hear Doctor S——I prove the Doctrine of Non-Resistance from the Prince of *Orange's* Declaration—and reconcile the Revolution to the Principle of unconditioned Subjection, because it was founded on the Vacancy of the Throne—As if the Prince of *Orange* had not brought an Army with him to resist, but came with 14000 Men at his Heels to stand and look on, while the *English* Gentry and Clergy with Prayers and Tears besought King *James* to run away, and leave the Throne vacant.

What a Banter on King *James* is this new started Whymisic—To tell us, the Revolution was no Breach of Non-Resistance, as if inviting and bringing over the Prince of *Orange* was not the effectual and original Cause of the Throne's being vacant.

But not to enter too far into the Doctor's Lay stall—Lest by stirring we raise an *English Proverb*—If the Reverend Doctor does not think it below him to answer a short Question or two, from One of the Meanest of his Admirers—If he thinks it worth while to satisfy a few doubting Christians, and perhaps convert some of those he calls *false Brethren*, who no doubt will come over, to him upon the Solution, I would most humbly entreat him to solve but two little Difficulties arising from his Sermon:

1. That since he will not have the Nation charg'd in King *William's* Time, with the least Breach of the Non-Resisting Doctrine—and that the Revolution is reconcilable also to it—He would be pleas'd to tell us, what the raising an Army in *England*, for the driving their Lawful and Sacred King out of *Ireland*, must be call'd—And since this Army was rais'd and paid by the whole Kingdom, i. e. by Parliament, and

and headed by King William—went afterward to Ireland, fought King James, beat him—and as far as lay in their Power, kill'd him: Let him tell us, if this was Resistance or no; and if no, we entreat him to tell us what to call it—Let him do this, *Et eris mihi magnus Apollo*; upon his resolving this, I will promise for One, never to open my Mouth more against the Doctrine of Passive-Obedience, and I doubt not to bring a good Number of Converts over with me.

2. Since he is pleas'd to glory very much in his Sermon, p....., about the Hereditary Right of her present Majesty to the Crown of England, a Thing I doubt above his Reach to explain—I most humbly beseech him, in the Name of a great many Unbelievers of this Day, that he would be pleas'd to tell the World, in a few Words—By what Part of her Majesty's Hereditary Right is she now possess'd of the Crown of Great Britain and Ireland?

It is but a short Question—Either her Majesty is Queen by an immediate Hereditary Succession and direct Line, or she is not—If she IS, it must be easie for the Doctor to show it—If she IS NOT, then the Doctor has debauch'd the Pulpit with a Falshood, and printed Treason—Indeed express Treason by the late Act of Parliament—Now that the G—s may claim the Doctor or Me, I'll be very frank with him to say, That her Majesty is not possess'd of the Crown in her Hereditary Right, but in a Parliamentary Right—founded in the Act of Parliament, 1st of William and Mary, entailing the Crown on her Majesty, after the suppos'd Demise of King William and Queen Mary without Heirs—Tho' King James should have Sons then born, or to be born, who were of Course excluded by that Act—*And let him deny this if he dares.*

And now having gone this Length, give me leave to say, it is a Sign of most unparalleled Moderation or Remissness in the Government, *let others determine which*, to suffer her Majesty's Title to the Crown to be thus banter'd in the Face of so many

Acts of Parliament, for the solemn Recognition of Parliamentary Authority, and in the Face of the Queen's Majesty her self, who reigns by that very Right that is thus ridicul'd and expos'd.

And what shall I say to those Magistrates, that sate still patiently to hear such a horrid Insult on their Sovereign? Indeed they honourably shew'd their Dislike of the Doctrine by rejecting it afterward—But that it should since be publish'd to the Nation, is to me a Sign of very little Respect to the Honour of the Queen, in some who represent her Royal Person—Let them answer it if they can.

There is an Act of Parliament, which says expressly, that whoever shall, by writing or printing, deny her Majesty's Rightful Claim to the Crown, shall be Guilty of TREASON—To set up any other Title to the Crown, than that only Rightful Legal Title, by which her Majesty possesses the Crown; and to call that other THE ONLY TITLE, by which her Majesty so possesses the Crown, is denying the Queen's Title to the Crown—and THAT IS TREASON. I am prompting no Man's Fate, nor is it one Farthing to me, whether this be return'd by the Government with any thing but Contempt—But I must say it, *as my Opinion only*, That, I THINK, if this be suffer'd, no Man should ever be hang'd upon that Law after it, tho' he should write in express Vindication of King James VIII. *as they call him*—And my Reason is plain—To tell of an Hereditary Right to the Crown, in a Case where there is suppos'd to be a Male-Heir alive, is bantering her Majesty; and could this Party but once bring us to own the Hereditary Title to be indefeizable—They would gain their Point, and declare the Queen an Usurper; but if that Hereditary Right be superseded by Parliamentary Limitation, as it plainly is, then her Majesty's Title stands firm upon the Basis of the Revolution, with one Foot fix'd upon Arbitrary Government, and the other on Passive-Obedience, both which abdicated with their Protector King James, and blessed be GOD, lie bury'd in the Ruins of the late Tyranny.

I have nothing to do with his Railery at the *Dissenters*, and at the Toleratation; Blessed be GOD, they stand too fast for such little Blasts as these to hurt—But the Glorious Title of the Kings and Queens of England in a Protestant Succession, beginning at King William and Queen Mary, proceeding by Queen ANNE, and descending to the House of Hannover, and skipping over sundry Male Branches, and more direct Lines, establish'd by Parliamentary Limitation, recogniz'd by all Britain, and the Hereditary Right abjur'd, is such a Blow on the Teeth to this *Billinggate* Preacher and his Party, that his Face must be wondred at that could look against such a Light——And every honest Man is summon'd to abhor the Attempt.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

Tuesday last was Publish'd,

THE *British Michael*, an Epistolary Poem, to a Friend in the Country. By RICHARD BUTLER, M. A. Printed for W. Lewis, at the Dolphin next Tom's Coffee-house, in Russell-street Covent Garden, and sold by J. Woodward in St. Christopher's Church-yard, in Threadneedle Street; and J. Morphew near Stationers Hall. (Price 1 s. 6 d.)

Just Publish'd,

THE Monthly Miscellany, or Memoirs for the Curious, for June, 1709, Vol. III. Containing, A Catalogue of Fossils found in divers Parts of Kent. *Hororum Anglicanorum Delicia*. Of American Plants cultivated in our Gardens in England. Papilionaceous or Pea-Bloom Plants. Coniferous and Juliferous Trees. An Abridgment of Isaac de Pereyra's History of the Pre-Adamites; with Remarks thereupon. Man a Self-determining Creature. Of Faith and Works: Of Justification, &c. Fragments of the Book of Enoch; translated from the Latin Version of Kircher's *Aegyptian Oedipus*. Printed for James Woodward, in St. Christopher's Church-Yard, Threadneedle-Street; and Sold by John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall.

Lately Publish'd,

SELECTIONUM de Lingua Latina Observationum Libri duo. Prior inscribitur Latini loquendi Norma; b. c. aurei Latinitatis Seculi Locutio. Posterior Barbare vitiose loquendi Consuetudinem investigat, patefacit, emendat. Uterque in Usum Juventutis, incorruptae Latini Sermonis Integritatis studiosae, confectus. Ductu & Cura JOANNIS KER, Londini, apud J. Robinson, J. Lawrence, C. Bateman, A. Bell, & J. Hartley, Bibliopoli Londonenses.

Ufus Equestris Nottinghamiensis. Carmen Hexametrum, Auctore RICHARDO JOHNSON, Ludæ Literarij ibidem Magistro, Commentariorum Grammaticorum Scriptore. Sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Price 6 d.



BARTLETT of Goodman's-Fields, whose Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures have gain'd So Universal Esteem, being Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked.

He is to be spoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his House, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over against Cheapside-Conduit, near St. Pauls.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at his House in Goodman's-Fields, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.